



# SONGS of Canadian Climbers



*Dedicated to the  
Alpine Club of Canada*



WELCOME HOME CAMP AT MT. ASSINIBOINE, 1920

## EVENING IN CAMP

The happy day is done. The sun has sought  
His fiery pillow in the western hills;  
The hush of eventide descends and fills  
The valleys with deep pools of peaceful thought.  
Bright spangles on a velvet curtain, wrought  
By angel hands, the stars peep out on high;  
The snow-capped giants yearn towards the sky,  
And all life's troubles fade and are as naught.  
Come, comrades, gather where the fire of spruce  
Glimpses the woods with vague, mysterious lights;  
Pile on more logs, and let us cry a truce,  
In our diurnal battle with the heights.  
Now let us sing, and as our voices swell,  
Dream of the mountains that we love so well.



# SONGS of CANADIAN CLIMBERS

## O CANADA!

O Canada, our home, our native land,  
True patriot love in all thy sons command;  
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,  
The true North, strong and free;  
And stand on guard, O Canada,  
We stand on guard for thee.  
O Canada, glorious and free!  
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee;  
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.  
O Canada, we love thy foaming tide,  
Thy woods and lakes, thy prairies spreading wide;  
But dearer still thy snow-capped peaks,  
That stand from age to age;  
And point thy sons to nobler deeds,  
Our Mountain Heritage.  
O Canada, glorious and free!  
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee;  
O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.

## HAIL! HAIL!

Hail! Hail! the Gang's all here;  
Boots and Hopes and Rucksacks,  
Dunnage Bags and Iceaxe;  
Hail! Hail! the Gang's all here;  
What the heck do we care now?  
—Calgary.

## 2 FOLLOW UP

(The Club Song)

(Air—"Harrow Football Song")

Forty years on, when afar and asunder  
Parted are those who are singing today;  
When you look back and forgetfully wonder  
What you were like in your work and your play;  
Then it may be there will often come o'er you  
Glimpses of days when your pulses beat strong;  
Dreams of the mountains will float them before you,  
Echoes of notes from our camp fire song.

Follow up! Follow up! Follow up!  
Hear it ringing again and again!  
'Tis the call of the Hills to the Plain.  
(ff) Follow up! (pp) Follow up!

O the great days in the distance enchanted,  
Days of fresh air in the snow and the sun;  
How we rejoiced as we toiled and we panted,  
Hardly believable, forty years on.  
Then, you will say, not a feverish minute  
Strained the weak heart or the wavering knee;  
Was the day hard? We were bound to be in it!  
Neither the last nor the faintest were we.

Forty years on, growing older and older,  
Shorter in wind as in memory long;  
Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder,  
What will it help you that once you were strong?  
God give us summits to stir our endeavor,  
Peaks to be conquered, in earnest or fun.  
Grant we mount eagerly, fearlessly ever,  
Twenty and thirty and forty years on.

(For Camp Use only.)

Now the great peaks, watching silently o'er us,  
Sentinel guards of our Camp and our Land,  
Bid us remember the morrow before us,  
Bid us take thought for the task we've in hand.  
So from the Camp fire we all must be going,  
Bid every comrade a pleasant goodnight;  
Soon on the summits the dawn will be glowing,  
We must be there to salute her aright.

—L. S. Amery.

## 3

## THE CALL OF THE ALPINE

(Air—"Bonnie Dundee")

Ten months of the year I keep delving for gold,  
With my nose to the grindstone, my nerves growing  
old;  
Like a loach at his dinner I stay on the job,  
And grouch at the weather with a croak like a frog.  
But the balance of time is one paradise rare,  
'Tis two weeks in the mountains with six to  
prepare,  
And the thrill of adventure that grapples my breast  
Makes me king of creation—by special request!  
Cian Alpine's Great Chief sent a message to me,  
So I'm packing my dunnage with masterful glee;  
In a week I'm away on our annual trip;  
Old Grouch disappears like the crack of a whip.  
And the thought of old friends and the new ones I'll  
meet  
Has killed all emotions except joy complete;  
So I'm firmly convinced that this Club's atmosphere  
Will dispel all that's bad from each member, each  
year.

Far away in the mountains where bigness abounds  
Man's worth is not rated in dollars or pounds;  
The gold of our natures is sifted from dross;  
Our friendships are real, without tinsel or gloss;  
There we live as our Maker intended we should,  
Each thought building truly for one common good;  
Thus while Mountains abide or true love doth endure,  
There is nothing can equal the Alpine Club's lure.  
—M. D. Geddes.

## 4

## TRAIL SONG

(Air—"Swing Song")

Follow the trail to the open air,  
Alone with the hills and sky,  
A pack on your back but never a care,  
Letting the days slip by.  
Healing fragrance of pines in the dark,  
Glow of the camper's fire,  
Starlight and shadow and music of streams,  
While the grey smoke curls higher.  
Follow the trail to the open air,  
Letting the days slip by;  
A smile on your lips, a song in your heart,  
One with the hills and sky!

—Aron.

## 5

## WHERE THE AVALANCHE LILIES GROW

(Air—"Where the Morning Glories Grow")

I want to camp up in the Mountains,  
Where the Avalanche Lilies grow,  
Where the wind comes creeping  
Up to where I'm sleeping  
And the marmots say hello!  
I want to clamber o'er the ridges,  
Mid the rocks and ice and snow,  
And enjoy old Nature's grandeur,  
Where the Avalanche Lilies grow.

I want to roam among the glaciers,  
With their mass, varied hues;  
When the sun shines brightly  
And they echo lightly  
To the crunch of hobnailed shoes.  
I want to sip the gurgling water  
That flows from the melting snow,  
And sit by the evening campfire  
Where the Avalanche Lilies grow.

—Aron.

(Air—"Cheer, Boys, Cheer!")

Wake, boys, wake! the guides are up and stirring;  
 Wake, boys, wake! the moon is on the snow;  
 Sweet is the night, the higher peaks are calling;  
 Two by the watch and it's nearly time to go.  
 Boil up the pan and let us have some tea, boys;  
 Pass round the loaf and cut yourselves a slice;  
 Lace on your boots, pack once again the rucksack,  
 And light up the lantern to guide us on the ice.

Forth for the start, and we rope ourselves together,  
 Up by the rocks from the camp to the moraine;  
 Crunch through the snow, caring not for wind or  
 weather.

On through the sunshine and on through the rain.  
 Bright shine the stars, but the eastern light is  
 growing.

Through the pure air, so frosty and serene;  
 O'er the upper snows the morning breeze is blowing.  
 So here's for the schrand where the ice-face rises  
 green!

Chip, chip, chip! the axe is firm and ready;  
 What though the ice be hard and smooth as glass?  
 Chip, chip, chip! our feet are standing steady;  
 Scrape out the steps in the wall of the crevasse!  
 Mount by the ridge, and scramble up the chimney,  
 Back from the edge where the corniced snow is  
 weak;  
 Up the last slope, and we'll halt for lunch above it;  
 Shout from the top boys, we've won the virgin  
 peak!

—A. C. Downer.

## HIT THE TRAIL

(Air—"Aloerte")

Hit the Trail, O hit the Trail ye Climbers,  
 Hit the Trail, O hit the Trail for Camp!  
 Pack your Dunnage Bags and go;  
 Pack your Dunnage Bags and go;  
 Hit the Trail! Hit the Trail!  
 Dunnage Bags! Dunnage Bags!

## THINK LINES

## RESPONSES

Sign your name in Tweedy's Book. Tweedy's Book  
 Fill yourself with Pork and Beans. Pork and Beans  
 Make your way above the Scree. Up the Scree  
 Scramble up the rocky cliffs. Rocky Cliffs  
 Gather round the Summit Cairn. Summit Cairn  
 Glissade homeward down the Snow. Down the Snow  
 Crawl into your Sleeping Bag. Sleeping Bag.

NOTE: The Responses should be sung in the above  
 order, not reversed, as in the original song.

## AN EARLY CALL

(Air—"Juazitz")

Soft o'er the campfire lingering falls the western  
 moon,

Far o'er the mountains breaks the day too soon;  
 On thy bed of balsam, where you would forever be,  
 Wary Climber, waken! It is half past three.

Master Director,\* ask thy soul if we should start!  
 Master Director, won't you have a heart?

Late in the morning, at the hour of half past four,  
 When day is dawning, you'd be pretty sore,  
 If you were to waken, and should look around and  
 find,

By the rest forsaken, you were left behind.

Climber, O Climber, rise and buckle on thy packs!  
 Climber, O Climber, grab thy trusty axe!

—Anon.—A.C.C.

(\*A. O. Wheeler, for many years Director  
 of the Club.)

## THE CHALLENGE OF THE MOUNTAINS

(Air—"Men of Harlech")

Alpine men and Alpine women,  
 See the peaks above you gleaming;  
 From their tips the sunlight streaming  
 Flings the challenge far.  
 Don your boots and rucksacks,  
 Grasp the trusty iceaxe,  
 The snowy slopes shall know your ropes,  
 The rocks shall feel your impacts.  
 Upward! Heed the call that bids you,  
 Tried and sure is he who bids you,  
 Follow on where'er he leads you  
 Upward to the skies!

Lo! Above you spreads the glory,  
 Peaks and crags and summits honry,  
 Would you read their ancient story?  
 He who climbs may read!  
 Telling, sliding, creeping,  
 In the sunlight sleeping,  
 Azure sky aglow on high  
 And icy torrents leaping.  
 This the prize that waits your gaining,  
 Nature's store of treasures draining,  
 Who'll deny it's worth the straining?  
 Let him stay below.

Down again triumphant, sliding,  
 Down the spotless snowslopes gliding,  
 Down to Camp to bear the tiding,  
 Nature's battle's won!  
 See the campfire leaping,  
 Darkness o'er us creeping;  
 Song and jest to crown our quest,  
 While stars their watch are keeping.  
 Here's the life that's worth the living,  
 Here's the victory worth achieving,  
 Here are memories worth the weaving!  
 Comrades, heed the call!

—W. C. McNaught.

## A FINE CLIMBING DAY

(Air—"The Hunting Day")

What a fine climbing day, 'tis as balmy as May,  
 To the Camp all the climbers must come.  
 Everyone will be there and all worries and care  
 Will be left far behind them at home;  
 See the axes and ropes in array,  
 The climbers their edgenails display;  
 Let us join the glad throng that goes laughing along,  
 And we'll all go a-climbing today.

We'll all go a-climbing today,  
 The pickers are dry and G.K.  
 So we'll join the glad throng that goes laughing along,  
 And we'll all go a-climbing today.

We are climbing friends all, young and old, great  
 and small,

For each one is a keen mountaineer;  
 Up the cliffs now we go, to the top all aglow,  
 As we finish the climb with a cheer.  
 There is sport in the gullies, they say;  
 The buttresses go well today;  
 Old comrades, keep on, we will join you ere long,  
 For we'll all go a-climbing today.

Curling, tennis and "goff," at such pastimes we scoff,  
 For no possible sportsman can cope  
 With our leaders at work; kicking steps they don't  
 shirk;

Then three cheers for the axe and the rope!  
 So, climbers, let's hasten away,  
 Be joyous this jolly fine day,  
 With our packs on our backs up the chimneys and  
 cracks.

Let us all go a-climbing today.

## 11 WHILE THE SUN'S BEHIND THE MOUNTAIN

While the sun's behind the mountain, and the frost  
is in the air,

We are up and off and climbing on our way;  
We don't know where we're going and we don't  
supremely care,

But we'll be there when evening ends the day.  
Up the rocky slopes we clamber, and then down  
the other side,

Through the forest and across the roaring  
streams;

Through a land of bright enchantment, where the  
vision opens wide,

And we find the large horizon of our dreams.

*Up in the mountains, free as air,*

*High, high, high!*

*Smiling new life and ideals there,*

*High, high, high!*

*We're Alpine Club climbers, we're out for  
the fun*

*Of climbing from dawn to the set of sun,*

*With a song in our hearts when the day  
is done,*

*High, high, high!*

Whether over flowered meadow or across the up-  
land snow,

Beside the stream or on the rocky height,  
Our hearts are full of happiness whichever way  
we go,

And our days are sunny treasures of delight.  
Unafraid on snowy mountain-tops, with eager gaze  
we stand;

Our souls reach out to scale the vaulted skies;  
As God gave us aspirations, so He gave this moun-  
tain land,

With its lofty peaks which challenge us to rise.

—Neil C. Wilson.

—Anon.

## 12 THE GUIDE'S SONG

(Air—"Solomon Levi")

My name is Christian Hasler, I'm a guide of word-  
wide fame,

I haul you up the mountainside and throw you  
down again;

I hustle you over the rocks in haste, till you are  
black and blue,

Then I tie a rope around your waist, and pull  
you half in two!

*Poor Christian Hasler, Christian, tra la la la!*  
*Poor Christian Hasler,*

*I wish we were up in the mountains together;*

*(Repeat first verse.)*

With a string of graduates on my rope, my methods  
are sure to please;

I take them up on an icy slope, and there I let  
them freeze,

And when we get to the top of the pass, o'er rock  
and snow and acre,

I drop them down a deep crevasse and then go  
home to tea!

The members of the Alpine Club all think that I'm  
sublime;

There never was born a poor old dub that I can't  
teach to climb;

I drag him up the face of a cliff, where rocks drop  
on his head,

And bring him back so tired and stiff, he'll wish  
that he was dead!

—C. G. W.

## 13 OH, MY BIG HOBNAILERS!

(Air—"O Dem Golden Slippers")

Oh, the big iceaxe, it hangs on the wall,  
With the crampons and the puttees and the rope  
and all;

But we'll polish off the rust, and we'll knock off all  
the dust,

When we go up to the mountains in the snow.  
Then our raiment stout shall the cold keep out,  
And the good old axe shall again cut tracks,

And the frozen slope shall call for the rope,

When we go up to the mountains in the snow.

*Oh, my big hobnailers; Oh, my big hobnailers!*

*How they speak of mountain peak,*

*And lengthy stride o'er alps and wide;*

*Oh, my big hobnailers; Oh, my big hobnailers!*

*Memories raise of joyous days*

*Upon the mountain side.*

Then our climbers bold shall swarm up the shutes,  
And shall win their way by unheard of routes;

While others never flagging, the tops and peaks  
are bagging.

When we go up to the mountains in the snow.  
Though the hailstones rattle like the shots in battle,  
And the whirlwind and the blizzard freeze the

marrow and the gizzard,  
Though it thunder and it lighten, still our hearts

it cannot frighten,  
When we go up to the mountains in the snow.

From the sunrise flush, when the hill-tops blush,  
Till the moonbeams quiver on the rushing river,

We push attack and ferry over ridge and peak  
and corrie,

When we go up to the mountains in the snow.  
When the long day's done and the victory's won,  
And the genial whiskey toddy cheers the spirit,

warms the body,  
Then the ptarmigan and raven, far aloft above our

haven,  
Hear our chorus faintly wafted o'er the snow.

—Anon.

## 14 HAUL! HAUL! HAUL!

(Air—"Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!")

When I climb upon the rocks I suffer horrid shocks,  
As up gully, crag and chimney I am loosed;

I scramble and I tussle, though I haven't any muscle,  
And I'm sadly inefficient in the hand.

*Haul! Haul! Haul! my feet are slipping,*

*My handholds all are loose and wet;*

*Oh! hold me very tight,*

*For my balance isn't right;*

*I've eternally blew me, don't forget!*

Up Mount Pinnacle sublime I started out to climb,  
But I found the "fixed-rope chimney" very tight,

And when I reached the "nose," to add to all my woes,  
Fell and dangled on the rope, and got a fright!

On Mount Geikie's east arete I got into such a state  
That to use the stirrup rope I was compelled;

But I could not get the knack, so was hauled up  
like a sack,

And my knuckles on the rocks contused and swelled.

Even in my bed asleep about the rocks I creep,  
With my nightclothes fairly whirling in the gale!

With the rope around my neck and my nerves a  
perfect wreck,

And loose boulders falling down on me like hail!

—Sadie Spence Clephan.

15 THE GLORIOUS MOUNTAINS  
(Air—"Glorious Devon")

Far away in the Golden West, up in the mountains high,  
Crags and gully and corniced crest, piercing an azure sky;  
Shady valleys where white tents gleam, feathery clouds above,  
Verdant forest and crystal stream, that is the land we love.

Let townsmen praise the asphalt ways,  
The buildings, parks and fountains;  
But give to us the mighty hills,  
The Mountains!  
The Glorious, Snow-clothed Mountains!

Roped together for weal or woe, scaling the cliffs at dawn,  
Hearts aflutter and cheeks aglow, greeting the flaming morn;  
Pelted aloft on the ice crests tottering straws lean—  
Comrades, upward! The summit waits virgin-pure and serene.

Storm clouds gather, the night falls fast; high on the ice are we,  
Snowflakes whirl and the stones hiss past, down to the distant scree;  
Verges forms on the slippery walls, danger is hovering near;  
"Steady, comrades!" our leader calls. "Onward, and do not fear!"

Why do we love you, ye Mountains old, hoary with ageless snow?  
What do we seek on your ramparts cold; what is the way we go?  
Health and happiness, joy and strength, friendship and faith and fun;  
Thus we shall go to the stars at length, after our day is done.

—C. G. W.

16 GRADUATES' SONG  
(Air—"Clementine")

In the morning, O ye Climbers,  
Though the dawn be cold and grey,  
You must leave your beds of balsam  
And with iceaxe pick your way.

You must climb above the timber,  
Cross the fields of ice and snow,  
Ere the avalanches be on you,  
Or trevassers wider grow.

Though the shale be slipping, slipping,  
Though the rocks be flying fast,  
Though your brow with sweat be dripping,  
You will reach your goal at last.

Up the chimney, round the cornice,  
Then a traverse on the ridge,  
Held the rope taut! Here's a chasm!  
One by one you'll have to bridge.

Grip with knee, with toe, with finger;  
There's the peak with cairn in sight.  
When you've scaled it you may linger  
With a mountaineer's delight.

Then retrace your footsteps slowly  
To the glacier fields below,  
Where you glide homeward swiftly,  
Coasting, sliding down the snow.

O the welcome that they give you,  
When you reach the Camp at night,  
And they lead you to the Campfire  
Where you've earned a seat by right.

—Mrs. R. W. Edwards.

17 I AIN'T GOT WEARY YET

Oh, I ain't got weary yet,  
And I ain't got weary yet;  
Been climbing mountains all day long,  
All the time a-singing this song;  
And I ain't got weary yet,  
And I never will, you bet;  
For every mountain that I see  
Looks as easy as can be,  
It may be work, but it just suits me,  
And I ain't got weary yet.

Oh, I ain't got soaked through yet,  
And I ain't got soaked through yet.  
It's been raining all day long,  
All day long I'm singing this song;  
And I ain't got soaked through yet,  
And I never will, you bet;  
For every raindrop that I see  
Helps to fill my cup of tea,  
It may be wet, but it just suits me,  
And I ain't got soaked through yet!

Oh, I ain't got filled up yet,  
And I ain't got filled up yet;  
I've been eating all day long,  
Between each bite I'm singing this song;  
And I ain't got filled up yet,  
And I never will, you bet;  
For every flapjack that I see,  
Is only one, and I crave for three;  
They may be tough but they just suit me,  
And I ain't got filled up yet.

—Anon.

18 CHORUS OF THE QUALIFIED  
(Air—"Sailing, Sailing")

Climbing, climbing, over the rocks and snow,  
With axe and pole and resolute soul,  
To Canada's peaks we go!  
Sliding, striding, back to the Camp at night;  
Our work is done, our place is won,  
We're "Actives" now, by right!

(Softly)  
Sleeping, sleeping, isn't it simply grand,  
You lay your head on a balsam bed,  
And sleep to bent the band!  
Waking, waking, doesn't it make you ache?  
You're out of the door by the hour of four,  
You eat before you wake!

—F. W. Freeborn and Toronto Section.  
(This was written in 1898—the first Club Camp.)

19 THE CLIMBING GIRL  
(Air—"The Sporting Girl," from  
"The Earl and the Girl")

Some girls like to live inside a great big town,  
They're afraid of getting their complexions brown;  
Others will declare that the sun and country air  
Are joys that they never will forsake;  
I prefer the maiden who's a mountaineer,  
One who's fond of tramping in the open air;  
With her iceaxe true, she'll cut steps as well as you,  
And won't cut off your toe by mistake!

Give me the girl who can cut a step so neatly  
That the summit of the peak will soon be won;  
Who can climb a rotten chimney or negotiate a crack,  
Who never breaks a snow-bridge  
Or allows the rope to drag.  
That is the girl who enjoys herself immensely,  
That is the girl who gets the fun.

Some girls spend their time in going out to tea,  
But that sort of thing does not appeal to me;  
I had rather stand with my iceaxe in my hand,  
And glide down a thousand feet of snow.  
Mountaineering girls must all be true and tried,  
And must always try to imitate the guide;  
They must never stop until they reach the top,  
And gaze upon the scene far below.

—C. G. W.

## THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN

(Air—"Teddy the Teller")

Whether you feel like smiles or tears,  
Follow the lady mountaineers;  
What care you for a weary foot,  
Far from cities and shops and soot?  
Feed your muscles and grasp your axe,  
See to your soles and straighten your back,  
Porter your lunches or shoulder your sacks,  
And away to the top of a mountain!

What if the modest matron's hopes  
Centre about the Club House slopes?  
Doth not her bolder comrade's eye  
Closer gaze to the changing sky?  
Whether the cliffs of Robson call,  
Whether it's Barbican, Bryce or Ball,  
Whether you think you can't scramble at all  
Come away to the top of a mountain!

Softly the winds of evening blow,  
Sweetly the heather smells, and snow  
Gleams in the sunlight far away,  
As closes one more glorious day.  
Hark to the voices across the stream!  
Darkness is falling upon our dream,  
Till once again by the morning beam  
We're away to the top of a mountain.  
—Phyllis Proctor Douglas.

## THE ALPINE MOUNTAINEERS

Some talk of golf and hockey, and some of basketball;  
Of tennis in the summer and rugby in the fall;  
But of all the world's great sportsmen, there's none  
That can compare.

With a low row row row row row, for the Alpine  
Mountaineers!

When summer suns are shining we pack our dunnage  
bags,  
And hie us to the mountains to climb the peaks  
and crags;  
Our friends all think we're crazy, but naught we  
heed their jeers, etc.

We say to Mister Wheeler: "To graduate we hope."  
He says: "Goodbye, God bless you! Now, don't  
forget the rope."

He is a mighty climber, despite advancing years, etc.  
We cut our way up couloirs, we clamber up the rocks;  
Our leader has an iceaxe, but some use alpen-  
stocks;  
Then straight towards the summit his course he  
boldly steers, etc.

And when we reach the summit, we sit and take  
our ease,  
And feast upon the outlook, and sandwiches and  
cheese;  
Fatigue (and prunes and walnuts) quite quickly  
disappears, etc.

And when our guide cries: "Downward!" we tighten  
up our ropes,  
We scramble down the chimneys and gullies  
down the slopes,  
And when we reach the Camp again, they welcome  
us with cheers and, etc.

And when the Camp is over, we to the town repair;  
The townsmen cry: "Great Caesar! Here comes a  
Mountaineer!"  
"Here come the Mountaineers, my boys, who know  
no doubts nor fears," etc.

All ye who love Dame Nature, now listen to my song;  
Come, join us at the Campfire, and bring your  
boots along!  
To climb the Rocky Mountains, we come from far  
and near,  
And you'll find a hearty welcome from the Alpine  
Mountaineers.

—C. G. W.

## BOOTS AND BUTTERBOXES

(Music by C. G. W.)

When we go e-climbing with the full impedimenta,  
Sacks and sandwich papers,  
Boots and butterboxes,  
Ropes and compasses and iceaxes.  
Travelling the countryside or working from a centre,  
Sacks and sandwich papers, etc.

First we get our notebook out, for that shall be  
our mentor;  
See that all things are correct, before our climb  
we venture,  
Lest we have forgotten soap or splints or lini-  
ment or—  
Sacks and sandwich papers, etc.

Breakfast is a peaceful meal before we have collected  
Sacks and sandwich papers, etc.  
Anxious thoughts of lists of gear must not be inter-  
jected;

Sacks and sandwich papers, etc.  
After the barometer first carefully corrected,  
Which has sometimes cheered our start, but far  
more often wrecked it,  
Nails and crampens, nuts and cheese and maps must  
be inspected,  
Sacks and sandwich papers, etc.

Up the steep and snowy rocks at last you see us  
toiling,  
Sacks and sandwich papers, etc.

While the water dripping down is gradually spoiling  
Sacks and sandwich papers, etc.

When the mountain shakes us off, our powers pre-  
hensile failing,  
Eggs that would be more secure for more protracted  
boiling,

Lubricate the buffer-stop from which we are re-  
coiling,  
Sacks and sandwich papers, etc.

—Conor O'Brien.

## BECAUSE THE MOUNTAINS GO

(Air—"The Devil's Daughter")

The suns that bake the rocks at noon,  
And scold the winter snow;  
The frosty nights that heat the moon,  
They make the mountains go.  
Then all awake with sigh and shake,  
At early morning's glow,  
And up and out with song and shout,  
Because the mountains go.

What though the route be long today?  
What though the great winds blow?  
They may not make us slink away  
To idle down below.  
We'll scrape the sky to make reply,  
Or climbing swift or slow;  
And swing along with shout and song,  
Because the mountains go!

—A. C. Downer.

## THE NAIL SONG

(Air—"There's a Long, Long Trail")

There's a long, long nail a-grinding  
Into the sole of my shoe;  
It's ground its way into my foot  
A yard or two.  
There's a long, long hike before me,  
And what I'm thinking about  
Is the time when I can sit me down  
And pull that darned nail out.

—Anon.

**25 CLIMBING THE MOUNTAINS**

(Air—"Marching Through Georgia")

Bang the old piano, boys, we'll sing another song;  
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,  
Sing it loud in honor of the Club that's going strong,  
When we go climbing the Mountains!

Hurrah! Hurrah! we've found the recipe,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! from now on set us free;  
Join us in the Rockies and we're sure that you'll agree;  
When we go climbing the Mountains.

Pack the good old dunnage bag, your boots and ice-axe take;  
Hoop into your berth, and in the morning when you wake,  
Hit the forest trail that winds by valley, stream and lake,  
When we go climbing the Mountains!

How the Guides will cheer us when they hear the joyful sound;  
How the Cooks will bless us when at meals we gather round;  
How we'll swallow beans and pie and bacon by the pound,  
When we go climbing the Mountains!

Keep the old Club going, whether fortune smiles or frowns;  
Life resembles climbing, for it has its ups and downs;  
Long may we be spared to leave our troubles in the towns,  
When we go climbing the Mountains!

—John Hirst.

Keep the old Club going, whether fortune smiles or frowns;  
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Long may we be spared to leave our troubles in the towns,  
When we go climbing the Mountains!

**28 WHEN THE CLIMBERS COME BACK**

(Air—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home")

When the Climbers come back to camp again,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
We'll give them a hearty welcome then,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!

The Guides will cheer and the Cooks will shout  
And the "Valley Hounds" will all turn out,  
And we'll all feel gay  
When the Climbers come back to camp.

When the Climbers come back to Camp again,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
We'll give them a hearty supper then,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!

We'll feed them on bacon and beans and pie,  
Then around the Campfire we'll let these lie!  
With a grain of salt  
For the Climbers who stayed in Camp!

—C.G.W.

When the Climbers come back to Camp again,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
We'll give them a hearty supper then,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!

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We'll give them a hearty supper then,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!

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Hurrah! Hurrah!

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Hurrah! Hurrah!  
We'll give them a hearty supper then,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!

**29 THE CAMP FIRE**

(Air—"In the Gloaming")

Do you ever watch the Camp Fire  
When the wood has fallen low,  
And the ashes fade and whiten  
Round the embers' crimson glow;

With the night sounds all about you,  
Making silence doubly sweet,  
And a full moon high above you,  
That the spell may be complete?

Do you ever sit there thinking,  
'Mid your pipe's grey, pungent breath,  
Till the fire's last feeble flicker  
Meets a tragic, glow-worm's death?

Tell me, are you ever nearer  
To the land of Heart's desire,  
Than when you lie idly smoking,  
With your feet up to the fire?

—Hector Donald.

Do you ever sit there thinking,  
'Mid your pipe's grey, pungent breath,  
Till the fire's last feeble flicker  
Meets a tragic, glow-worm's death?

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Till the fire's last feeble flicker  
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Till the fire's last feeble flicker  
Meets a tragic, glow-worm's death?

**27 ODE TO TEA**

(Air—"Drink to Me Only")

Drink to me only with good tea,  
And I will drink to thee;  
Black tea is my divinity,  
No better would I see;

So said our kind and reverend friend,  
Wilson of Scotch renown;\*  
After a climb up a line,  
Ten cups of tea go fine!

A blessing on our female friends  
Who make this drink divine;  
Ambrosia brewed by Grecian gods  
Was never half so fine.

After a climb on Aberdeen  
This appetite of mine  
Craves neither ham, nor beans, nor jam,  
But just this cup divine!

—Anon.—A.C.C.

\*Rev. J. Macartney Wilson.

**30 CLIMBS**

(Air—"Smiles")

There are Climbs that make us happy,  
There are Climbs that make us swear,  
There are Climbs that cover us with bruises,  
From our edgemoths right up to our hair;

And sometimes we start out very early,  
And sometimes we get back very late,  
But the Climb that fills us with contentment  
Is the Climb when we Graduate!

There are Trails that make you weary,  
There are Trails that make you tough,  
There are Trails that never lead you nowhere,  
There are Trails that leave you in the rough;

There are Trails of all degrees of badness,  
There are Trails that take you up and down,  
But the Trail that fills you full of sadness  
Is the Trail that leads back to town.

—Anon.

There are Trails that make you weary,  
There are Trails that make you tough,  
There are Trails that never lead you nowhere,  
There are Trails that leave you in the rough;

There are Trails that make you weary,  
There are Trails that make you tough,  
There are Trails that never lead you nowhere,  
There are Trails that leave you in the rough;

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There are Trails that make you tough,  
There are Trails that never lead you nowhere,  
There are Trails that leave you in the rough;

There are Trails that make you weary,  
There are Trails that make you tough,  
There are Trails that never lead you nowhere,  
There are Trails that leave you in the rough;

**31 TRAMPING CHORUS**

(Air—"We've Been Working on the Railroad")

We've been tramping on the mountains,  
All the livelong day;  
We've been tramping on the mountains,  
Just to pass the time away;

Comrades don't you hear us shouting,  
Trot out the bread and jam?  
We've been tramping on the mountains,  
Jim Fong beat the pan!

—P. W. Frechorn.

We've been tramping on the mountains,  
All the livelong day;  
We've been tramping on the mountains,  
Just to pass the time away;

We've been tramping on the mountains,  
All the livelong day;  
We've been tramping on the mountains,  
Just to pass the time away;



## MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS

(Air—"Battle Hymn of the Republic")

We are climbing up the Mountains  
In the early flush of day;  
We can see the sun a-shining  
As he breaks the clouds away;  
We have left our weekly worries,  
And today we're out for play,  
As we go climbing on.  
Climbing, climbing, ever climbing,  
On the peaks the dawn is shining,  
Upward, upward to the summit,  
As we go climbing on.

We can see the Mountain glistening  
With the mist crown round its head;  
As we zigzag up the ledges  
Where the goat and bighorn tread;  
We are climbing up the couloirs  
Ere the morning sky is red,  
As we go climbing on.

Not alone in strengthened muscles  
Do we know our effort pays;  
In the happy hearts we carry  
There's a blessing rarely stays,  
And good friendships we are making,  
That will last us all our days,  
As we go climbing on.

—Anon.

## CAMP LIFE

(Air—"When Good Fellows Get Together")

Once again in Alpine meeting—  
Never care for cold or wind—  
With a hearty, loyal greeting  
To the friends that here we find.  
Let the chorus ring choronic,  
Till the sound strikes the heavens o'er us,  
And the flames of the campfire  
Roar and dance to join our cheer;  
While we campers and our trepanners,  
In a life that no coddling pamperers,  
Praise the woods and the mountains  
And the Club that brings us here.

See the snowfields beckoning yonder,  
Hear the torrents in the valleys;  
Of what else can hearts be fonder?  
Other life beside this pales.

—F. W. Freeborn.

## WE AIN'T GOIN' TO . . .

(Air—"It Ain't Goin' to Rain no More")

Oh, we ain't goin' to hike no more, no more,  
We won't hike one mile more;  
For nine may mean there are fourteen,  
And we ain't goin' to hike no more!

Oh, we ain't goin' to climb no more, no more,  
We won't climb one rock more;  
For our feet are bruised and we feel abused,  
So we ain't goin' to climb no more!

Oh, we ain't goin' to eat no more, no more,  
We won't eat one bean more;  
We're full to the neck and we feel like a wreck,  
So we ain't goin' to eat no more.

Oh, we ain't goin' to sleep no more, no more,  
We won't sleep one wink more;  
There are bumps in the bed and the skeeters ain't  
fed,  
So we ain't goin' to sleep no more.

Oh, we ain't goin' to sing no more, no more,  
We won't sing one note more;  
Far we're out of breath and we're tired to death,  
Oh, we ain't goin' to sing no more. —Anon.

## BEAUTIFUL FIRE

(Air—"Beautiful Lady")

Oh, you Beautiful Fire, so warm and bright,  
Send your flames bravely upward to cheer the  
night!

Take the boughs that we bring to you while we sing,  
Weave your charm of forest lore;  
Keep all harm of the wilderness far away,  
Give us rest from our pleasures and toils today,  
Bring good spirits to keep all our Camp while we  
sleep.

Be our altar and hearthstone, so far from home.

—Anon.

## ONE WARM SWEET GLOW

(Air—"Love's Old, Sweet Song")

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,  
When o'er the Camp, the night began to fall,  
And on the fire, the logs were burning low,  
Over our hearts there came a warm, sweet glow;  
And in the tent, where falls the flickering gleam,  
Softly there rose into our thoughts a dream.  
Just a little nightcap, when the fire is low;  
All the dishes washed up, and to bed we go;  
Though our limbs be weary, sore from hip to toe,  
Just a little nightcap gives one sweet glow,  
Gives one warm, sweet glow.

And when tonight we dream that dream of yore,  
Down in the shine we may not feel so sore,  
Knees may be shaky, weary from the trails,  
Still we can dream the cure that seldom fails.  
So, in the night when twilight shadows fall,  
This may be found the sweetest dream of all.

—Anon.

## GOODNIGHT

(Air—"Soldier's Farewell")

The stars above are peeping,  
The hour has come for sleeping;  
From Earth, our tender mother,  
New stores of strength to gather.  
Come, seek thy couch of spruce and pine;  
Goodnight, goodnight, sweet sleep be thine!

On lonely peaks, snow-crested,  
The sun's last rays have rested;  
And now he seeks his pillow  
Beneath the western billow.

Hark to night's voices calling,  
In murmurs soft, entralling;  
The west-wind lowly sighing,  
The rippling stream replying.

Darkness is o'er us creeping,  
The Camp will soon be sleeping;  
In dreamland's wondrous weaving,  
New faerie heights achieving.

—C.G.W.

## ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

While the embers bright are gleaming, all through  
the night;

While the weary camp is sleeping, all through the  
night;

Through the trees the moonlight stealing,  
Beauties of the night revealing,

High above the stars are keeping watch through  
the night.

Fondly then we dream of mountains, all through  
the night;

Waking, hear the rush of fountains, all through  
the night;

So when day's hard toil is over,  
Will the mountain spirit hover,

Over every Alpine rover, all through the night.  
—Anon.—A.C.C.

### 38 LAMENT OF THE SOFT-BOILED EGG

(Music—Original by C.G.W.)

I used to belong to the hard-boiled bunch,  
And galloped over the peaks;  
In summertime I never came down  
For weeks and weeks and weeks!  
I never minded a day that was hot,  
Nor cared if I broke a leg;  
Oh, I used to climb with the hard-boiled bunch,  
But now I'm a soft-boiled egg!

My mother said to me: "Now, my child,  
Let's try the shoes for awhile;  
Let's spend all August in evening clothes,  
And do things up in style!"  
I thought it sounded exceedingly nice,  
Your sympathy now I beg,  
Oh, I never counted the terrible price,  
And now I'm a soft-boiled egg!

So, if the day should ever come  
That you couldn't even walk;  
You can sit and knit on the Club House porch,  
And talk, and talk and TALK!  
Though I'll never admit that wagging a tongue  
Is as good as shaking a leg;  
You can sit and brag of the things you've done,  
When you were a Hard-Boiled Egg!

—Hazel de Berard.

### 39 OLD MEN OF THE MOUNTAIN

(Air—"Bedenklichkeiten")

If it's the truth that we feel our limbs older,  
If, in good sooth, we find Summer climbs colder,  
Is it for old mountaineers to explain  
Why we return here, again and again?

What though we stroll in a bunch up the track,  
What though so soon after lunch we turn back,  
What though we linger and yarn in the porch,  
How would you have us else "hand on the torch?"

What though we seem to smile less in the slack times?  
What though we dream awhile over our crack  
climbs?

What though we like a long snooze on the top?  
Is that a reason for shutting up shop?

Life has no bogies but patience will mend them;  
Hills have no "fogies" but nature will end them;  
Bear with us kindly when we're on the shelves,  
Children, why, you'll be the old ones yourselves!

—Geoffrey Winthrop Young.

## MISCELLANEOUS

### 40 GEOLOGIST'S SONG

(Air—"When I Was a Student at Cadix")

When I was a climber at Yoho,  
Inspecting the great Rocky Range,  
I met a Professor and, Oh!  
He talked in a language so strange!

It was Mi-o-cene, Pli-o-cene, Or-so-o-gy,  
E-o-cene, Ne-o-cene, Zo-o-o-gy,  
Ips-ky-o-saur-as and Ter-ti-ary,  
Pal-eo-pky-to-o-gy!

To walk I accepted his "invite,"  
And here's what I got for my pains,  
He left me to hunt for an Ichnite,  
While he searched for fossil remains!

—Anon.—A.C.C.

The "Professor" is believed to have been Dr.  
A. P. Coleman, distinguished geologist and original  
member.

### 41 BEAUTIFUL BANFF

(Air—"Mother Mackree")

There's a playground that God made for me and for  
you,

In the heart of the Rockies, 'midst rivers of blue;  
And I know I'll not find, though I search till I'm old,  
Another like Banff, with its wonders untold.

Sure, I love every mountain surrounding me there,  
And I love every streamlet, so cool and so clear;  
I love every trail that I hike o'er each day;  
O my beautiful Banff, here would I stay!

There are mountains in Europe and peaks in Cathay,  
But none have the splendour the Rockies display;  
And though far I have wandered, there's no place I  
know,

So lovely as Banff on the banks of the Bow.

—H. Hutchcroft.

### 42

### CELEBRITIES

(Air—Adapted from "John Peel")

Dae ye ken our Rocky Mountains wi' their scenery  
so grand,

Wi' their snow peaks and their glaciers, their  
rocks and shale and sand?

Dae ye ken the shady forests wi' many a flower  
manned,

And the glories of the sunrise in the morning?

Dae ye ken our Mr. Wheeler, who knocks upon your  
door,

And says, "Be up and ready, your climb's at half  
past four."

And when you've had your porridge and perhaps a  
little more,

He starts you on your climb in the morning.

Dae ye ken our Mr. Mitchell wi' his smile that's aye  
sae bland?

Who sees your name is registered and gies you  
the glad hand?

Dae ye ken our Mr. Moffat, who makes a camp-boo  
grand,

And can always take a rope in the morning?

Dae ye ken our Dr. Bell who tends to all our ills,  
And sets us up upon our feet and ne'er presents  
our bills?

He's a hard yin to follow when you're out upon the  
hills,

Or climbing up the mountains in the morning.

Dae ye ken our Charlie Richardson who makes the  
Alpine Camps,

Wi' his gang of ascends and workers, whose order  
nothing damps?

Dae ye ken Jim Pong, wi' who few cooks can rank,  
Wi' his Ding! Dong! Ding! in the morning?

Dae ye ken Feak and Hasler, wi' iceaxe and wi' rope,  
Who lead you safely up the cliffs and o'er the snowy  
slope?

Dae ye ken Kain and Aemmer, who wi' any peak  
can cope,

And they'll lead you on the summit in the morning?

If ye ken no' our mountains wi' their snowfields and  
their dells,

And all the great celebrities of whom my story  
tells,

My friend, you're missing half your life! Before  
the morning bells,

Come out and join us here in the morning!

—Traditional—A.C.C.

(Air—"Kingdom Coming")

Say Chambers, hah you seen ole Moffat  
 Wad de am le upon h's face,  
 Start up de trail some time dis mornin'  
 Like he gwine to run a race?  
 He seen a peck 'way up de valley  
 Where de mast lies half de time,  
 He took his axe and lef berry sudden,  
 An' I spees he s gone to climb.

*Ole Moffat ran, ha! ha!  
 De Chambers shout, ho! ho!  
 It must be now de kingdom coming  
 An' de year ob Jubila.*

He's six foot one way, two foot tadder,  
 An' he weighs t'ree hundred pound,  
 His coat so torn he cawnt see a tailor,  
 An' his breeks patched all around,  
 He climb so much dey make him President,  
 He gets so active, too,  
 I spees he try to fool dem climbers  
 Dat he s only twenty-two!  
 When summer comes up goes ole Moffat  
 To de Alpine Club pow-wow,  
 I hear h's happy voice a-gurgles,  
 Dat he's "not a climber now."  
 He's a fast-class pal an' a fine ole feller,  
 But I told him many a time,  
 He's ole enough, bog enough, ought to know better  
 Dan to went to go an' climb!

—H. E. Scott

## EDMONTON SECTION SONG

Come, Chambers and join in our chorus,  
 In praise of the City we love,  
 The swift-flowing river before us,  
 The amber hued pine trees above,  
 We will not attempt to dissemble,  
 Our numbers are small, we must own,  
 But wherever good climbers assemble,  
 The name of our City is known.  
 For we are the Edmonton Section,  
 We flourish afar in the North,  
 From our home on the Prairies,  
 The City of Scythians,  
 The mountain and are calling us forth,  
 Come Alpine is mustering its forces,  
 At the summons each one of us thrills,  
 From the shores of the mighty Saskatchewan River  
 We answer the call of the hills.  
 In Summer, far out on the highways,  
 Our light-hearted hikers are seen,  
 We wander in cool, shady byways,  
 Exploring each wooded ravine,  
 Afield you will find us a-roaming,  
 In costumes both ready and rough;  
 And our campfires have gleamed in the gloaming  
 From Whitemud to Beverly Bluff.  
 In Winter when other folks shiver,  
 We've coffee and soup in our packs,  
 In the snow on the wide, frozen river  
 Our ski-blades are leaving their tracks,  
 We glide in the keen, frosty weather,  
 And when evening is starry and still,  
 We join in a song together  
 In our hut on the side of the hill.  
 Then hail to the Edmonton Section,  
 And hail to the Alpine Club too,  
 You will search far in every direction,  
 For climbers more loyal and true,  
 May we always endeavour to nourish  
 Real love for our mountain domain,  
 And may Alpine good-fellowship flourish  
 As long as the mountains remain.

Words and Music, C.G.W.

## O LAKE O'HARA!

(Air—"O Sole Mio")

How sweet the moonlight on the lake that lingers,  
 Lake molten silver, thrown from fairy fountains,  
 Deep in the forest in a rim of mountains,  
 How sweet the moonlight on the lake that lingers.  
*O Lake of Dreamland, thus has I throb!  
 O Lake O'Hara, I lose you so!  
 O'Hara, O Lake O'Hara,  
 I love you so, I love you so!*

Beside the campfire, when the night has fallen,  
 We watch the stars between the treetops stealing,  
 The tra is of heaven in the Lake revealing,  
 Beside the Campfire, when the night has fallen.  
 Anon.

## CLUB HOUSE SONG

(Air—"Battle Hymn of the Republic")

We've travelled east, we've travelled west,  
 We've travelled everywhere,  
 These swank hotels are jakes for swells,  
 But nothin' can compare  
 With our accommodations  
 At the Club House every year,  
 As we go marching on.  
 Club House days in contemplation,  
 One such place in all creation,  
 Don't forget your reservation,  
 As you go marching on.

You don't require your best attire,  
 A.J. evening dude are banned,  
 You need no spats or derby hats,  
 The simple life is grand,  
 Just bring along your climbing kit,  
 You'll get the welcome hand,  
 As you go marching on.  
 The summer days we pass away  
 Among the rocks and hills,  
 With keen delight, from morn till night,  
 We scramble up the hills,  
 We never quit, we're feelin' fit,  
 No blisters aches or ills,  
 As we go marching on.

—R. H. Hockey

## A WINTER HIKE

(Air—"Bonnie Dundee")

To the hikers assembled, one bright winter day,  
 The leader cried "Come, I will show you the way!  
 See let each become lassie and braw laddie, too,  
 Follow me while the snow-covered landscape we view."  
 Come, hikers fall in, pass the word down the line,  
 The leader has given the reciprocal sign,  
 So shoulder your rucksacks and let us away,  
 For the Alpine Club's hiking cross-country today.  
 There was ice on the streamlets and snow on the fields  
 And 'twas woe to the lass wi' silk hose and high heels,  
 But not one party turned back on the way.  
 As they followed the trail of their leader that day,  
 As they crossed the broad valley the sun burst in view,  
 The sky was resplendent, each color and hue  
 From the green and the gold to the purple and grey  
 A welcome proclaimed to that dashing array.  
 They have started the campfire and warmed at the blaze,  
 With lusty young voices the chorus they raise,  
 And when the moon shines on the glistening snow,  
 Then homeward and happy, they merrily go.

—Anon.

(A c. "Pack Up Your Troubles")

Pack up your weenies in your old rucksack,  
And hike, hike, hike!  
Put in a loaf of mother's good brown bread,  
Doughnuts if you like  
What's the use of worrying,  
All cares are out of sight,  
So, pack up your weenies in your old rucksack  
And hike, hike, hike!

Pack up your dinner in your old rucksack,  
And hike, hike, hike!  
Take all you need upon your own strong back,  
Wander where you like  
Leave the roads to motor cars,  
The sidewalks to the bike,  
But, pack up your dinner in your old rucksack  
And hike, hike, hike!

—Anon.

(Air—From "Liederschatz")

In the early morning hour, doe-e dah, doe-e dah!  
When the dew is on the flower, doe dah, doe dah!  
And the brook runs slowly by,  
From the glacier, way up high,  
I go down my love to see, doe dah, doe dah!

When the breezes softly blow, doe dah, doe dah!  
From the fields of melting snow, doe dah, doe dah!  
Through the pine woods' fragrant air,  
And the meadow flowers far,  
I go down my love to see, doe dah, doe dah!

When I call from far above, doe dah, doe dah  
She will hear me, my true love, doe dah, doe dah!  
Hear me and call back to me,  
Filling me with ecstacy,  
Oh, my sweetheart I shall see, doe dah, doe dah!  
—Dr. Laura Tschenthaler

Far in the West there was a City,  
Set in a valley fair,  
Laving her feet in glacial waters,  
Fanned by the mountain air,  
Forsaken foothills fringe her outskirts,  
Fragrant with balsam sweet,  
Here, in this City broad and gracious,  
Mountain and Prairie meet,  
Mountain and Prairie meet.

Calgary, Calgary, Gateway to the Hills!  
Silver summits deck your slopes  
Upward drawing longing eyes  
Stirring dormant wills  
Climbers come from far and near,  
Leaving marts and mills,  
Flocking west to Calgary,  
Gateway to the Hills.

Thrill, loyal hearts, in glad rejoicing,  
Summer is on its way!  
Hark, boys, ears the Peaks are calling,  
Scale we their ramparts grey!  
Sing, loyal voices, chant their praises,  
Sing of the heights above,  
Clean boys! bend an Alpine greeting,  
Welcoming friends we love  
Welcoming friends we love!

Words and Music C G W

(Air—Original)

Far up upon the mountain, there stood an old Chalet,  
Far up upon the mountain, there stood an old Chalet,  
White walls and shingled roof,  
Beside the door an old arch tree,  
Far up upon the mountain, there stood an old Chalet.

Far up upon the mountain, there fell an old Chalet,  
Far up upon the mountain, there fell an old Chalet,  
With fury to destroy  
Came the glacier and the gale,  
Far up upon the mountain, there fell an old Chalet.

Far up upon the mountain, Jean came to his Chalet,  
Far up upon the mountain, Jean came to his Chalet,  
He wept with broken heart  
To see his joy in ruins lay,  
Far up upon the mountain, Jean came to his Chalet.

Far up upon the mountain, there stands a new Chalet,  
Far up upon the mountain, there stands a new Chalet,  
For Jean with valiant heart  
Has built the Chalet once again,  
Far up upon the mountain, there stands a new Chalet.

Anon.

## SOLOS

(Air—"The Bandolero")

Gallant Climbers, men and ladies,  
Pray forgive this bold intrusion,  
Though my loud, melodious yodelling  
Must have warned you I was near,  
Place yourselves in my protection,  
I will lead you safely upward,  
I will lead you to the summit—  
Who am I? Hark, then, and hear!

I am the Mountaineer, the demon Mountaineer,  
I roam the mountains and I climb  
And pass upon what comes my way  
I am the Mountaineer,  
King, with the spruce for pillow,  
I am a climber and have a couler beneath my swag  
A climber with couler beneath my swag

I make my castle on a col  
My court I hold in clefts and cracks,  
My army is my gallant band,  
My law enforced with rope and axe  
I am the Mountaineer,  
I am the Mountaineer.

I am waiting and watching for copy and glory,  
A climb or a photo in war people,  
Roaming the mountains, a climber defiant,  
Gallant Mountaineers will conquer or die.

Reporters, no extracts from me need you fear  
For what happens to me, friends, is sure to be queer.

My climbs are all brand new, old routes I despise,  
My boots and my taps hit you bang in the eyes.  
I thank you for your flattering puffs:

A paragraph is all I seek  
I love to see my name in headlines,  
To read my exploits every week,  
Heroic, amazing, mad, unique!

I am the Mountaineer, etc.  
I am waiting and watching, etc.

Ernest A. Baker (with apologies)

### TEA FOR JACK (Air—"Three for Jack")

When we go up to the Alpine Camps  
Our aims are high, but we look like tramps;  
We sleep like angels on beds of spruce,  
But our garments look like the very deuce!  
Our hearts aspire to the snowy peaks,  
We've hobnailed boots and we've patched up breaks;  
We love the mountains so wild and free,  
But day and night we long for tea!  
Yee ho! Yee ho! Yee ho!

So we go rambling, we go scrambling,  
Over the rocks and snow;  
We tighten our ropes for the icy slopes  
And up to the top we go.  
We like to stride crevasses wide,  
And ice lase to coast down side;  
But at set of sun, when our climb is done,  
We're very, very fond of tea!

I started out on my first ascent,  
My heart was stout but my back was bent;  
I braced myself for an awful fate  
When my steps gave way on the ice arête.  
And when we reached the top at last,  
The view was grand and the prospect vast;  
There were thousands of peaks that I could see,  
But I only wanted a quart of tea!

Now when I reached the Camp, you see,  
There were three pretty maids who brought me tea;  
Three pretty maids who looked so nice,  
I thanked them once, I thanked them twice.  
"I poured it out," said the first to me,  
"I added milk," said Number Three,  
"I put in lots of sugar!" said Number Two;  
So was a mountaineer to do!

—C.G.W.

### THE ROAD TO THE STARS (See Her ad Astra)

Summer is near and the Mountains are pleading,  
Soft, siren voices are stirring the soul;  
"Hearken and come to us, follow our leading;  
Follow a path with the Stars for your goal."  
Far as the Wild Duck and Swallow can travel,  
Climbers are lifting their hearts to the Hills;  
Each brings some knot they alone can unravel,  
Each has some longing the summit fulfils.

Thus we go to the Stars;  
In hope and weariness, joy and pain;  
For the Soul, like the Body must wear it's scars  
In the long, long climb from the plain.  
The shining summits call,  
And the heavens let down their crystal bars;  
Neither shall danger nor death appal!  
Thus we go to the Stars.

These are our temples, the glittering ranges,  
Bustressed with granite, encinctured with snow;  
Standing eternally, knowing no changes,  
Guardians of gifts they alone can bestow.  
Crests of crimson and argent emblazon  
Altar peaks lifting their heads in the dawn;  
Chant of the winds and the deep diapason  
Of torrent and avalanche welcome the morn.

Thus we go to the Stars!  
In hope and weariness, joy and pain;  
For the Soul, like the Body must wear its scars  
In the long, long climb from the plain.  
The shining summits call,  
And the heavens let down their crystal bars;  
Neither shall danger nor death appal!  
Thus we go to the Stars.

—Words and Music by C.G.W.

### THE FEMININE CREW (Air—"Father O'Pigeon")

Of Clubs, men can offer alarming variety,  
Suited to all grades of "mere men's" society;  
Here we may join them without impropriety,  
Here's to the Club that to girls is well known!  
Always to follow is not to succeed,  
Surely it's time that we women should lead,  
Steer our own daily routes, smear our own milky  
boots,  
Swear at the shaly shutes, all on our own!

Here's a health to the Feminine Crew,  
All that we stand for and all that we do;  
Dames may be cynical,  
Ladies are finical,  
Women, here's luck to the Feminine Crew!

So on the hills, our joint playground of jollity,  
Ready alike for their frowns and frivolity,  
Climbers, just Climbers, we'll meet on equality,  
Members and Graduates, women and men,  
Roped up together, by skill or by speed,  
Jack and Jill, on a hill, let the best lead;  
Where the peaks stand for all, here's the free land  
for all,  
Climbing's the band for all, once and again!

Clubs have their rules and their hints on costume  
for us,  
Mountains their moments of mystical gloom for us,  
Cliffs have their climbers, but still there'll be room  
for us;  
Buttress and gully and pinnacle, too!  
Where is the heart does not leap when it sees,  
Sudden—the surge of the crag from the crevices?  
Out for the trusty rock! Roast all the crusty rock!  
Shout for the lusty rock! Feminine Crew!

—ANON.

### THE COULOIR (Air—"Titusliff")

At the foot of a couloir, a little Swiss Guide\*  
Sings *lee-o-lay-i-ee, O-lee-o-lay-i-ee, O-lee-o-lay-i-ee*;  
With his pack on his back and his axe at his side,  
*O-lee-o-lay-i-ee, etc.*  
He looks at the rock and he looks at the snow,  
And he looks at his party, drawn up in a row;  
And the Lady says: "Hans, do you think it will go?"  
*O-lee-o-lay-i-ee, etc.*

He says to himself as he tugs up the ice;  
"There's a schrecklich big chockstone, it doesn't look  
nice,"  
It sticks out six feet and the handholds are few;  
It's too big to get over, too tight to get through;  
I shall have to go back—no, I'm !!! if I do!"  
*O-lee-o-lay-i-ee, etc.*

He stretches one arm and gets hold of the edge,  
While the party stands breathless, down there on the  
ledge;  
He puffs and he struggles, he shoves front and rear;  
How we gasp with relief when his back disappears!  
Then his voice comes: "Es geht, Frauchlein! Kommen  
sie hier!"  
*O-lee-o-lay-i-ee, etc.*

—C.G.W.

\*Hans Fuhrer.

I'm just a little foothold  
 Away up on a peak;  
 Nobody ever visits me  
 Or listens when I speak.  
 I'm sometimes very lonely,  
 For I'm all alone you see!  
 I'm just a little foothold,  
 And nobody cares for me.

But one day came a mountaineer,  
 He climbed with skill and grace;  
 He put his great big hobnailed boot,  
 Right square upon my face!  
 The words he whispered to me then  
 Have filled my heart with song;  
 "Heaven bless you, little Foothold!  
 You're just where you belong!"  
 —Words and Music, C.G.W.

(Composed in a spirit of gratitude in a chimney  
 on the Rampart Range).

(15, 16, 41 and 44a are also suitable for solos).

## HYMNS

### 57

#### AN INDIAN PRAYER

(Music—Original by C.G.W.)

Be with me, O Great Spirit  
 When I climb the lofty mountains;  
 Be with me when I cross the sun-scorched valleys;  
 Turn Thou Thy face to me  
 With a smile like the sun at morning;  
 Keep Thou Thy hand in mine, until Thou leadest me  
 Into the Land of the Setting Sun.

—Anon.

(Suitable for Grace before meat.)

### 58

#### UNTO THE HILLS

Unto the hills around do I lift up,  
 My longing eyes;  
 O whence for me doth my salvation come,  
 From whence arise?  
 From God the Lord doth come my certain aid,  
 From God the Lord, who heaven and earth hath  
 made.

He will not suffer that thy feet be moved,  
 Safe shalt thou be;  
 No careless slumber shall His eyelids close,  
 Who keepeth thee.  
 Behold our God, the Lord He slumbereth no'er,  
 Who keepeth Israel in His holy care.

Jehovah is Himself thy keeper true,  
 Thy changeless shade;  
 Jehovah thy defence on thy right hand  
 Himself hath made;  
 And thee no sun by day shall ever smite,  
 No moon shall harm thee in the silent night.

From every evil shall He keep thy soul,  
 From every sin;  
 Jehovah shall preserve thy going out,  
 Thy coming in;  
 Above thee watching, He whom we adore,  
 Shall keep thee henceforth, yea for evermore.

In darkened days of strife and fear,  
 When far from home and hold,  
 I do essay my soul to cheer,  
 As did wise men of old;  
 When folks do go in doleful guise,  
 And are for life afraid;  
 I to the hills will lift mine eyes,  
 From whence doth come mine aid.

I shall my soul a temple make  
 Where hills stand up on high;  
 Thither my sadness shall I take,  
 And comfort there decay;  
 For every good and noble mount  
 This message doth extend;  
 That evil men must render count,  
 And evil days must end.

For sooth, it is a kingly sight  
 To see God's mountain tall,  
 That vanquisheth each lesser height  
 As great hearts vanquish small.  
 Stand up, stand up, ye holy hills,  
 As saints and seraphs do,  
 That we may bear these present ills,  
 And lead men safely through.

Let high and low repair and go,  
 To where high hills endure;  
 Let strong and weak be there to seek  
 Their comfort and their cure.  
 And for all hills in fair array  
 Now thanks and blessing give,  
 And bearing healthful lives away,  
 Howe go, and stoutly live.

—From "Punch."

### 60

#### ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;  
 The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide;  
 When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
 Change and decay in all around I see;  
 O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence, every passing hour,  
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
 Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless,  
 Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness;  
 Where is death's sting, where grave thy victory?  
 I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,  
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies.  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows  
 flee;  
 In life, in death O Lord, abide with me.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near;  
O may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till in the ocean of Thy love,  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Again the morn of gladness,  
The morn of light is here;  
The earth itself looks fairer,  
And heaven itself more near;  
The hills, like angel warders  
Bring peace to every breast;  
And all the earth lies quiet  
To keep the day of rest.

Again, O loving Saviour,  
The children of Thy grace,  
Prepare themselves to seek Thee  
Within Thy chosen place;  
Our song shall rise to greet Thee  
If Thou our hearts will raise,  
If Thou our lips shall open,  
Our mouth shall show Thy praise.

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
Lead Thee me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead Thee me on.  
Keep Thou my feet, I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
Lead Thou me on;  
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears  
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still  
Will lead me on;  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn, those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast  
And our eternal home.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

The editor offers his sincere acknowledgments to the following Clubs for their generous permission to use the songs indicated and, in some cases, to "murder" them. He has not hesitated to make minor alterations, either to fit a song to Canadian conditions, or in a few cases, to improve the scansion. For such changes he asks forgiveness, pleading the freedom of the mountains as an excuse.

If authorship has been omitted, the Editor would be very glad to receive information for a future edition. New songs will also be most welcome, either with or without music.

Rucksack Club of England: "Wake, Boys, Wake!", "Haul! Haul! Haul!", "Feminine Crew", "O My Big Hebealders", "Top of a Mountain", "Old Maffet!", "Because the Mountains Go", "The Climbing Day", "Boots and Butterboots", "Climbing the Mountains".

Sierra Club: "While the Sun's Behind the Mountain", "Nail Song", "Indian Prayer", "Mountain Climbers".

Camp Fire Club of America: "The Camp Fire".

Mount Baker Club: "Trail Song", "Hiking Song".

Prairie Club: "I Ain't Got Weary Yet", "Beautiful Five".

The Olympians: "We Ain't Goin' To—".

The Cascadians: "Where the Avalanche Lilies Grow".

Contra Costa Hills Club: "Hiking Song".

Additional copies of this booklet may be obtained from the Editor, Cyril G. Waten, 7718 Jasper Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta. Price 15 cents postpaid. Music for most of the songs is available at prices varying from 10 to 15 cents.

Alpine House